

SAINT GEORGE.

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AN APOLOGY FOR ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.*

By Canon H. Scott Holland.

I THOUGHT I might offer to you an "Apology for St. Paul's" because it is an apology in face of your dear and honoured master who detested the building of which I am so fond. He detested it as William Morris did. Sir Edward Burne-Jones, whom you love, also disliked it. I saw a prayer which Sir Edward composed for a lady who told him she was going to St. Paul's. I should not like to repeat that prayer. Of course the Church offends every principle which Mr. Ruskin taught us to love. Its ornamentation is mainly divorced from its structure. Then of course it is formal, and scientific, and totally without that spontaneous life which Ruskin loved to see reproducing itself in stone. Above all it is entirely devoid of humour which he loved so well in his Gothic buildings. There is little sign in St. Paul's of the craftsman's instincts, of the craftsman's peculiar and personal thought. There is no tracing out the life of the people who built it. All this is true and it stands against St. Paul's. One thing I would plead for it which is in harmony with what Mr. Ruskin taught us; and that is that it does belong as a building to the secular buildings about it. We all know how the charm of the old Gothic building was that there was no divorce between the secular and the sacred.

* Notes of a Lecture delivered before the Ruskin Society of Birmingham, 14th March, 1900.

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The building of St. Paul's chimes in with the houses at its side. That lends an extraordinary charm which Mr. Ruskin would have praised. As you look up to it from the street you feel at once that the whole has a harmony. If you go down to Westminster Abbey you will find it is perfectly beautiful in itself, but it has nothing to do with anything near at hand. It looks as if it were lost in the great modern life around it. And there is another gain that I would claim for St. Paul's. Living there, I do get to enjoy and love the kindly humanity of all its spacious breadths. In the Gothic building if you have a crowd you have to hide them away in holes and corners out of sight. I can never forget the absence of all thrill as of being in a crowd in the Queen's great Jubilee service in Westminster Abbey. Ten thousand people were there, hidden away under this place and that, and all the eye fell upon in any one moment were a few hundreds; and the result was you went through a great act without any of that spiritual enthusiasm which comes from the sense of feeling a crowd about you. We have the glory of a multitude in St. Paul's through the width of its spaces.

But I do not rely merely on this for my apology for St. Paul's; rather, I would begin by going back behind the present building to the churches that stood on its spot before it, and the history of those churches and the human associations which were round them. Those were churches which Mr. Ruskin would have loved with all his heart. I will speak of all that belonged to St. Paul's; its whole story, of which this little building is only a casual accident of the last ages; touching on the historical and national interests that were bound up with St. Paul's; on the site where it stands; then, the general architecture and characteristics of the present building; and on the actual religious life that is in it at the present day.

First about the site. It stands on a mound which probably gave London its name of Llyndune, the Dune in the Llyn. You must picture to yourself the Thames spreading out in a great marsh,

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not shut in by the walls of the Embankment; and just where it begins to narrow where London Bridge is, you find mounds rising out of the wet marsh. The people crowded round those mounds, and the chief mound they chose was the one that stood at the harbour mouth, now called the Pool of London. On this Dune, stretching from Walbrook to the Fleet, the Welsh lived with all the mixed population already drawn to London as the great commercial and naval town. On the summit of that dune stands St. Paul's, in the middle of the old Welsh city lying outside the Roman camp. In that Welsh city and on that mound was probably a strong Christianity about the third and fourth centuries; wherever there was a Roman "colonia" there you would find, very quickly, Christianity coming in its track. When the Welshmen were driven out of Britain into Wales and Cornwall they always pictured themselves in the old Arthurian legends as Christians driven out by heathen. Certainly, there was an organised Church, with its Bishop, on that spot in 314. But it has left no trace behind it, driven out as they were into Wales and Cornwall by the invading English. It is interesting to us in St. Paul's on St. David's Day to see the Cathedral filled with Welsh men and Welsh women, making an extraordinary noise in their own tongue. For these five thousand Welsh, gathered there, are singing their native hymns on the very spot where their own ancient Christians worshipped in the fourth century. The story of the present Church begins with the Christianising of the English who had taken the place of the Welsh.

St. Augustine reached London about 600, and in 604 founded the village of London and Church of St. Paul. The Church of St. Paul began in 604 with Bishop Mellitus. That was the beginning of the present Church and from that day to this there has been a Church of St. Paul's on that spot, and the story of St. Paul's is simply the story of a succession of churches which have risen and been burned and risen again on that space. There are a few things that still are of interest to us in the great English period from

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604 to the arrival of the Normans. The old St. Paul's grew round the bones—that were so precious to us at St. Paul's—of St. Erkenwald who built a wall to keep off the Danes who were harrying London. To this day Bishopsgate Street celebrates the memory of St. Erkenwald. If you come to St. Paul's by Ludgate Hill you will walk up Pilgrim Street, which would be the street of the pilgrims to the bones of that Saint. Then we have another great interest in that period because nearly all our money comes from farms that were given to old St. Paul's before the arrival of the Normans. If you go round the stalls and the choir you will see all the old London names in those stalls. You will see Finsbury, St. Pancras, and Willesden, names representing the particular farms that were given to endow those stalls, by early English chiefs and kings. The prebendary was not an ostrich or emu. He was more or less of a clergyman. He retired to his farm which was in a wild jungle in North London, then full of savage beasts. He lived on his farm and kept another gentleman to say his prayers for him in the stalls. When London became a great city and outgrew its walls a kindly king gave London all Middlesex as its park. The people had this "campania" all round the town. It was a beautiful hunting ground and the people rushed to inhabit it, but when they got there they found a number of prebendaries in their farms. It was all very well for the kings to give it to them, but it was not theirs to give. It was a great deal due to that fact that the powers of the City of London had never spread beyond the city walls. London remained shut up in its own city. Outside we have had to create a County Council to take the place of these prebendaries. Another interesting thing was that these estates became very valuable in time so that at last when they fell in, the money was devoted to poor livings all over England. The only estate now left in our hands is one at Tillingham in Essex, which was given to St. Paul's by some early King to keep up the fabric. That is still in our hands and the rent of the farm comes to us now. That is one of the

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great interests we have in the old St. Paul's that existed there in the days before the Normans. The Normans had a great contempt for English buildings and set to work to knock down the whole of the old church and build an entirely new one on the ground where the old church stood, so that we have no picture of what the old church was like. The Normans brought their white stone from Caen which they carried up the river and set to work at their great church which took about 260 years to build. It was what Mr. Ruskin would have liked very much. They built it with a great Norman nave; and, afterwards, a Gothic tower and spire; and they went on to build a great decorated choir and then completed the walls and houses round. It was at the West End of St. Paul's that the famous Lollard's Tower stood, which was simply the old prison of the City of London. The church that stood there was longer and higher than the present church. It went about 60 feet more towards Ludgate Hill. Its spire was nearly 100 feet higher than the present cross on St. Paul's, supposed to be 440 feet high. There was the Chapter House, and Cloisters, and Bishop's House of which we have relics; and within the walls was a complete city of itself. It had farms to draw upon and an immense brewery of excellent beer. There were thirty minor canons and priests. This was the old church of St. Paul's which lasted to the great fire of London in 1666. It stood in the middle of the old citizen ground of London where the citizens met together. There was a tower called Jesus Tower, and when the bell rang the citizens came together armed. That was the free ground of their own. It was only when the church began to fill up all the space that the people of London moved over to Smith-field. When that became a market they had to go to Trafalgar Square. In the meantime St. Paul's stands in the middle of the old dune, where every great national incident takes place so far as London is concerned. But the most exciting scenes went on round Paul's Cross which was an open air pulpit and which stood in the middle of the ground of the citizens of London. It was

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the centre of the place where the people met, and also the place where a preacher was kept to preach every Sunday. In those days the sermons were very important. There was no Press and the only way the people had of knowing what was going on was to listen to the preacher. The only chance people had of hearing the news in moments of excitement was to flock to Paul's Cross. All the great sermons were preached there including Dean Colet's. Paul's Cross absolutely disappeared in the time of Cromwell, probably, and we lost the spot on which it stood until about ten years ago.

In the nave of the Cathedral was a sort of exchange in the old days. Old Change at the end of St. Paul's was the place where the merchants met and when it was wet they turned into the nave. Around the nave you would find a lawyer or could go and hire a servant. You could buy a horse in St. Paul's if you wished. Those great screens which stand in Gothic cathedrals and which seem to us so foolish, really remind us of the enormous noise and the hubbub of the nave in the old days, so that the congregation could hardly hear the service going on at all. This old church began to come to grief. The spire and tower were burnt down in Queen Elizabeth's day, and it became in ruins to such an extent that Archbishop Laud set to work to restore it. A sum of about £100,000—an enormous sum in those days—was raised. Inigo Jones was set to work on St. Paul's and added the western portion. We still come across fragments of his work, buried within our walls. Then came the time when they cut off Laud's head and turned out the clergy. The Parliament seized both the money and materials, and the church was used for stables and the accommodation of soldiers. The church had been tumbling about, and after Cromwell's time you can fancy what a state it was in. When they came back in Charles II's time they were rather in despair, but they still thought they could save it. The builder of the present church, Sir Christopher Wren, was called in to restore the old church. It was proposed that he should keep the

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old Norman nave and the decorated choir, and in the centre of the church where the tower and spire had fallen in, it was proposed that he should carve out a hole and build a dome, if you can conceive a dome in the middle of an old mediæval cathedral. To Wren's enormous relief there happened the great fire of London. It burnt the plague out of London, and burnt three days at the old church. From that moment Wren refused to have anything to do with restoring the old building unless they allowed him to knock it down and begin again. The Dean and Chapter however thought it was still strong, and Wren started on the rest of London and was already planning three beautiful domes before he commenced St. Paul's.

About six years after the fire they gave it up in despair and told Wren he might begin and do his worst. In 1672 he began to clear it away. The old church however was much tougher than he thought. In speaking of the type and style in which he proceeded to build I have to begin my real Apology. People had begun to read the literature of the Renaissance and study the beauty of the ancient classical art. This induced them to study the ancient buildings of Rome and when they set to work to discover the ruins they found them very beautiful. They were chiefly large buildings, what we should call people's palaces but what they called baths. They wanted great halls just covered in from the weather with the least possible obstruction. For this purpose they built the dome. It is the simplest way of covering in wide open spaces. One great dome remains to this day quite entire. It was built sixty years after our Lord, and is now a Christian Church and is called the Pantheon. It remains as the model and type of this revival of ancient architecture. There came along the greatest genius perhaps that in some ways the race has ever known, Michael Angelo. He restored one of these old people's palaces. He also formed the style and built the great dome of St. Peter's of Rome. It was the style of the cultivated, of the expert, far away from the common mind of the people. It was the literary scholar who perfected this

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style—the style of books and of science. I would plead that if you are going to examine this style and see its beauties, you must not come to it with your Gothic mind, with a mind trained in Gothic beauties, because then you will be hopelessly repelled. It aims at exactly the opposite. In the first place all Gothic Architecture has for its beautiful lines, perpendicular ones that spring up. But this Palladian style lays all its stress on the horizontal lines, on the weight of its steady cornices, on the width of its spreading domes. What you aim at is not so much beauty of detail; but, rather, space, dignity, quietness. While Gothic appeals to the imagination, this architecture appeals to the thought and to the reason. It aims at giving a sense of brooding calm, not springing 'grace. It tries to make the abstract proportion of its spaces take on your imagination. If you will go to it, looking for what it offers to you, you will find its beauties. If you look for the beauties you see in Westminster Abbey you don't get them. In its way there it is; and it fascinated these great men, and St. Paul's is a sort of model of this type. Wren mercifully lived through the whole time in which it was built. Here again you get an intense contrast with Gothic buildings. The Gothic building grows. You never know who builds it. It takes hundreds of years. There it is at last with thousands of minds gone to the making of it. Here at St. Paul's you have exactly the opposite. There is absolutely one man and one mind who determines and fashions the shape of every single stone of the building. He lived through the whole thirty-five years it took to build and he had his own master mason, Thomas Strong. He lived to see the last stone put on the top of St. Paul's. Therefore it is greatly interesting to see one man's mind everywhere, one man's stamp. You can tell it in every cornice or pillar. It is Wren in everything. And it is the impress of a master, a mind of genius. Wren never fails as a craftsman; and here I would claim the benediction and blessing of Ruskin. Everything is so good and so sound. He first prepared a beautiful plan which was his own, but the clergy,

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who are usually obstructionists in everything, obstructed Wren. They said "you tell us that this old Roman style is the most noble. So we must believe you: but, at any rate, you must build in the Gothic shape, because we have always worshipped in these old Gothic churches. That is the only shape in which our worship can go on. We must have a long nave and choir, and aisles round nave and choir." They stuck to it. It is said that Wren really cried. The clergy however would have the church in the old shape. Wren had to give in; the plan was rejected. Then he prepared a plan which was accepted. That is so hideous a plan that you cry when you see it. There is Charles II's name signed approving it. That was the only plan Wren ever had authority to build with. Mercifully he abandoned it and built something totally unlike it. He returned very much to his old dome that he first designed when trying to restore old St. Paul's.

It was all very well to go back to those old buildings, built in the Roman days when they only thought of the inside of the building and not the outside. If you go to the Pantheon at Rome you will find it is perfectly beautiful inside but outside no shape at all. It does not pretend to be anything. They built very low domes, and and those were the domes which were beautiful inside. When they came to build these buildings again after the great Gothic period, people would not tolerate them. They insisted on a dome with a fine springing crown. But then a dome like this, beautiful against the sky outside, looks like a funnel from the inside. The dome that is beautiful inside is the low dome, and the dome that is beautiful outside is the high curving dome. Wren gave up in despair and thought it was impossible to find a dome that was beautiful inside and outside. Then he said, why not build two, one beautiful inside and one beautiful outside? That is what he adopted. The dome of St. Paul's is the inside dome; that is a low dome which you would laugh at if you could see it from the outside. Resting on the base of this dome, he built a long spire of stone and iron which goes right up and carries the lantern

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stone at the top of St. Paul's. To hide the spire he built a shell which you call the dome of St. Paul's. That dome has nothing whatever to do with the structure of St. Paul's. In the meantime you have a dome which is beautiful inside, and one which is beautiful outside; and at the same time you have been taken in. The only other special feature of the dome of St. Paul's is that he raised it on eight arches instead of four. Then about the decoration. To begin with, you will remember the contrast between this style and the Gothic. While the Gothic depends for beauty of decoration on the actual structure and the stone that is there—merely the stonework produces decorative effect—St. Paul's has no particular charm in its decoration, and depends on colour and on mosaic. This style counts on being magnificent, pompous and superb. That is its character. It is simply like a sepulchre until you give it glory of colour. Wren certainly meant it to be coloured. In the first place leaving the whole of the roof over the nave and the transept, etc., simply stucco on brick implied that the whole of the roof is to be decorated. He left also the whole of the dome brick and plaster, and no doubt he intended colour, and meant, even if you left the walls below, that it should go up in colour. Then we know also that he said that he should like that colour in the dome to be mosaic and he only doubted whether he could get mosaic without going to Italy for it, and then he had no money. He wished for mosaic. He knew it was so durable. They say we have destroyed the beautiful tone of the wall colour. Wren left us no beautiful stone colour. It was never seen until about twenty years ago when we spent about £6,000 in stripping off it the paint which Wren had put on. We always knew paint was there but were not certain that it was Wren's until this year when we found a large account signed by Wren for money paid for three good coats of paint for all the walls of St. Paul's. Sir Joshua Reynolds proposed to paint it, but the scheme was opposed and abandoned. There St. Paul's has remained clamouring for colour, clamouring for glory. About

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twenty years ago something was at last done in putting gold on the cornices. Then we called in Sir William Richmond and he decided to go back to Wren's old device of mosaic. It certainly ought to be mosaic, which is absolutely durable and lasts with the building, and which admits the colour into the structure. And then he has attempted to produce exactly the fashion in which the old mosaic was worked. The building itself depends for its effect on being magnificent in colour. It wants to feel the splendour of the artist as well as the power of the architect.


With regard to what the Cathedral of St. Paul's ought to do, of course we are entrusted with a double task, a duty to the Church of England, and a duty to the people of England. First as to the Church. I think a Cathedral, and especially a Cathedral in London, is charged above all to present as far as it can a perfect rendering of public worship, and above all of the great central act of that worship—the Eucharist. At a Cathedral you ought to be sure that in that worship you shall find nothing mean, or scanty or false, or raw; everything should be thought out and trained and finished and worthy. There should be grace, seriousness and dignity in every act. In order that it may call out all the ministries of the living Art in the land, whether music, painting, or sculpture, there should be in the Church their highest call and inspiration to dedicate their work; a typical and national expression of all that Englishmen can bring to make its worship beautiful, as a contribution to the world's great thanksgiving before God. That is what a Cathedral should be. Of course for the people of London, I consider its duty is to offer this finished and perfected house, perfectly free and open. The doors should always be open, all the spaces always free, without any question of charges at all. I feel the enormous advantages of the spaces given us by the style over the cramped spaces of the Gothic Cathedral. In the Gothic you cannot keep the spaces free because you always have a verger dodging about, and all kinds of things going on. Here in St. Paul's we have these great spaces which are free.

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We try to keep it as public as we can and as free as we can. We give the best we can in the way of music for everybody to hear. On the great orchestral nights we try to keep the whole body of the Church perfectly free. The Cathedral ought to be ready, of course, to the people of England for great special national occasions, for great public acts and festivals, jubilees and triumphs. There should be a magnificent peal of bells recalling in the city the old memories of village Churches far away. It is a tender and beautiful thing to hear these great peals ring. Then it ought to be the home of rest as far as possible for all wearied lives in our suffering City. It is nice to think that the poor old tramps can come in from out of those noisy streets and sit down and be comfortable. That is what we hope to do and what we aim at. Of course we do it wretchedly, but we have, at least, an ideal before us, first, of giving a presentation of the glory of worship, and of offering a home for all the ministries of Art; and then of making the place free and a joy for all to come in and out, and of giving a quiet resting place for tired souls. We should have in all that the sanction and benediction of your great Master.

THOUGHTS UPON A RECENT VISIT TO LEO TOLSTOY.

By John C. Kenworthy.

NE of the singular and searching rectifications of the thoughts of my younger years, that more maturity has compelled upon me, concerns the world's estimate of its great men. As a youth I read with much profit and enjoyment numbers of those by no means ill-done monographs upon men great in letters and art, which introduce the occasional volumes of good literature that the swollen press of our time pours out. How charming to read of the struggles and agonies for hearing and understanding of Byron and Shelley, Goethe and Heine, and the others of genius crushed and misjudged in their earlier days! How excellent to feel that all the so amiable biographers were of a new world, so enlightened above its fathers that with these biographers for its eyes, it must immediately discern genius, and couple the discernment with the utmost willingness to provide genius, immediately on its appearance, with feather beds and rose-water!

But alas, it is not so. The new world is the old world and these same monographists, so appreciative of the dead prophet (who has ever been the only good prophet), are men who lead the conspiracy to crush the genius of to-day. They build the sepulchres of the dead prophets, and by harrying the living ones, do what they can to provide material for those who shall follow themselves in the labour of earning a modest income by sepulchre building.

Such is the crushing conviction established in my mind by knowledge of the lives of men of our own time, whom I have known or know, such as John Ruskin, William Morris and Leo Tolstoy. To one hearing of such reputations at a distance, the reputation appears as a great firmly-founded temple, built with pious care, by souls of admiration and hands of love, wherein the "the little god

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of this world " fills his place with dignity and in calmness, rich in all offerings. But far from this, the genius in his place is exactly to be likened to a rock in a rough sea, towering up in whatever of power, dignity and calm he may have in himself, and swept about, now hidden to his height, now revealed to his depths, by the rush and fret and fume of " the troubled sea when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt."

For many years I have been entirely reconciled to this state of things, as inevitable and indeed proper. The work of a genius is, to stand in his place. The muling and puking exponents of their own woes, who claim, or for whom the claim is made, that their failure to move the world through verse or paint or a novel is a kind of persecution of genius, have as little conception of the true inwardness of the life and work of genius as small vestrymen have of statesmanship. Startling as the word may seem, the genius, whether he be of Religion as Buddha, Socrates, Isaiah, Jesus; of Art, from Orpheus to Michael Angelo or Morris; is first and last a man of affairs, compelled thereto by the magnificence of his heart and brain, and persuading, singing, carving, painting, building, conducting his sweeping activities as the best way of forwarding those affairs; which are ever for the interests of humanity, the love of God and man. There is no work that has lived to move the hearts and shape the lives of men through the centuries but has been in this way achieved.

The most nobly constructed and splendidly effective of all the works of Leo Tolstoy, his *What is Art?* demonstrates this as truth which must remain truth while man is man. In modern literature no better example of the truth can be found than Tolstoy himself. His devotion to the art of the novel, wholly sincere from the earliest, arises from this, that always, at first with little consciousness, at last with large self-consciousness, he has followed his Art as a means to an end, never as an end in itself. One spends the days with him in intimate talk; never once in his word or in his look is there a sign of the small desire of the small mind, that his

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work should be applauded as *his* work ; yet that his deepest enthusiasm is concerned in his work is as sure as that he possesses a soul ; but the enthusiasm is in this regard, that his work shall stand, as well as it may, for the universal truth, for God's truth.

We talked together upon the old world classics, the Toa-teh-king of China, the Buddhist Scriptures, the Christian Gospel. Where else on earth to-day shall a man experienced and learned be found with whom spirit joined to spirit may rise to so full a degree of simplicity, height and intensity of the spiritual life—the life which agelong has been poured into the world through the prophets and revealers of peoples and continents, men who have become like little children, and risen to the height and powers of rulers of the destinies of the race?

“Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord.” He of the perfect nature, to whom God, not man, commits the cure of souls, commands no armies, and forces none by his will or intellect. To convey to others the inspiration he has himself received is his sole resource ; a resource of such a kind that no other is needed, for to live in the spirit is to live by love. And when love rules from spirit to spirit, then the separated wills become as one, the animal strength is no longer divided in individual enmities, but is as the power of one body, whereof we all are members.

A REVIEW OF THE CHIEF ARTICLES ON RUSKIN WHICH HAVE APPEARED SINCE HIS DEATH.

"JOHN RUSKIN," BY
PROFESSOR CHARLES
WALDSTEIN. (*North
American Review*, April.)

In this article Mr. Waldstein first emphasizes the nobility of the great life which has ended, and after considering the conditions of poetry, which he holds are amply fulfilled by Ruskin's prose, he remarks :

"Whether he describes a picture of Titian or a landscape by Turner, a Gothic cathedral or a Venetian palace, clouds or mountains, a tree, a flower or a blade of grass, we feel that, not only is his description adequate and convincing, but that the object, great or small, which he thus describes has by its existence almost served a new purpose in that it has furnished the material for the creation of a new literary art—the prose of Ruskin. Nay, even when he is unappreciative and unjust in his disapproval, scathing and grandly vituperative in his contempt, we could not miss the beautiful form in which his passionate and, at the moment, sincere protest is couched. For he has raised us out of the sphere of theory and criticism into the domain of poetry. The balance of our mental attitude has dipped into the regions where Milton, Shelley, and Keats are the ruling spirits."

Whilst Mr. Waldstein shews himself to be appreciative of Mr. Ruskin's style, we cannot say that the remainder of his article does justice to the subject. He does not consider that Ruskin's influence as an analyst or teacher will be either deep or effective, and he holds that he suffers from the besetting sin of amateurishness—a word which appears precious to Mr. Waldstein for he prints it in italics and appears to derive great consolation from it, though what he means is very doubtful.

But we reserve our strongest protest for the following extraordinary sentence.

"In writing on any subject, there is no evidence that he (Mr. Ruskin) has ever set himself the task of ascertaining what others who have thought and written on the same subject have said and accomplished."

This statement is not only untrue, but grotesquely so. No man has displayed a more conscientious study of the subjects he

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deals with. It is unnecessary to say much in support of this. We need only remind our readers of Mr. Ruskin's work in the region of political economy. Who but he first opened the eyes of his countrymen to the fallacies of Mill and his school, displaying in doing so, the most careful study of their teachings? The work he accomplished in all departments of thought would have been impossible had he acted in the manner suggested in the preceding paragraph.

"JOHN RUSKIN"
(*Quarterly Review*, April).

This article in the *Quarterly* is in marked contrast to the one which appeared in the corresponding number of *Blackwood*, and which we referred to in our last number. It is marked by great literary beauty, and an accurate and thorough knowledge of the subject.

"The last of the prophets is gone. The most eloquent of all the voices which have stirred the heart of England during the century now drawing to a close has passed into silence. The great life is over, and John Ruskin sleeps in the quiet churchyard on the shores of Coniston Water, among the mountains that were his home and his daily delight. . . . To-day the strife of tongues is hushed, and all hearts go out to him in love and reverence. We recall the vast treasure of beautiful and inspiring thought which he has left us, the charm of the voice that we shall never hear again. If for many years of his long life he seemed to himself and others a lonely prophet crying in the wilderness, now as we look round we begin to realize how the words which he flung on the winds have sprung up and borne fruit in a hundred new and unexpected forms."

The writer of this article makes no attempt to tell the story of Ruskin's life, the chief outlines of which are already before the public, but he attempts a brief estimate of Ruskin as teacher, art-critic, moralist, and social reformer.

"In the first place, then, Ruskin stands before the world as art-critic, probably the greatest art-critic that has ever lived, certainly the greatest that this country has produced. Coleridge and Burke, Hazlitt

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and Reynolds had discoursed on the spirit of art and beauty, and theorised on the grand style; but Ruskin invented art-criticism as most of us understand it to-day, and shewed that the critic could be at the same time poet, historian and ethical teacher. Nature had endowed him with an exquisite sensibility to beauty, and a faculty of close and accurate observation. He combined in a remarkable degree the sympathy and imagination of the artist with the scientific tendency that made Mazzini call him 'the most analytical mind in Europe.' Not Leonardo himself was more keenly interested in geological studies, in the formation of rivers and mountains, in the life of plants and birds. Fortunately for mankind these natural gifts were stimulated by foreign travel, and by the careful education which he received from his parents."

After considering the main drift of Ruskin's teaching on, and work for, Art, the writer turns to Ruskin's social teaching, reminding us that it was the direct outcome of his art teaching. He deals with his first writings on Political Economy, and the reception they received.

"When we examine the essays which excited so much indignation thirty years ago, we are surprised to find how little there is in his doctrines that is startling to the modern reader, and to see how many of them have already obtained general acceptance. . . . We may smile at his diatribes against railways and machinery, and call his dreams Utopian; but if to-day, as a nation, we think less of gain and more of justice and charity, if we realize our responsibilities and apply the laws of higher morality to social questions, it is largely owing to the influence of Ruskin's teaching. His protest was delivered with less noise and fury than that of his master, Carlyle, but it was more precise and definite in character, and has proved more fertile in lasting results."

The article touches upon Mr. Ruskin's style, and the "magic of his personality," and a really brilliant piece of writing is finished in the following words:

"He has lifted the Art of England to a higher level, and given a marked and lasting impulse to the production of good work by our painters. He has opened our eyes to the divine loveliness of the natural world, and has taught us anew that beauty leads up to God.

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He has spoken to us, as George Eliot said, with the inspiration of the Hebrew prophets, and his burning words have quickened the natural conscience to a new sense of duty and justice. His great *Sursum corda* has not been uttered in vain. He will live in the hearts of the English race, not only as one of the most brilliant and original intellects who have shed their light on the present age, but as one of the noblest and most remarkable figures of the century—a man who united the mind of the philosopher with the heart of the Saint, the wisdom of the scholar with the humility and gentleness of a little child."

"RUSKIN, MAN AND
PROPHET," BY
R. WARWICK BOND.
(*Contemporary*, July).

Mr. R. Warwick Bond contributes an able article entitled "Ruskin, Man and Prophet" to the July number of the *Contemporary Review*.

Describing him as a modern Diogenes, Mr. Bond seeks for the secret of his influence, and in doing so compares him with Swift, Pope, Johnson, and Horace Walpole in the eighteenth century, and with Macaulay, Carlyle, and Matthew Arnold in our own.

"It is Carlyle who most resembles Ruskin in manner and spirit, and whom indeed he owned as his master. Common to both are the fertility of language and ideas, and the tendency to bursts of apocalyptic wrath. The teaching of both might be summarised as a protest against the exploitation, under sanctioned and respectable forms, of one's fellow-man for one's own benefit; and an insistence on the universal duty of work. But Ruskin's gospel had always more of hope and sweetness and gentleness in it, more of construction and less of denunciation. The difference between them has been well expressed by that between the stormy vigour of the Tishbite, and the humaner, though at need terrible and powerful temper, of his successor, Elisha; and it is admirably reflected in the contrast of their styles, though Carlyle's turn of phrase is oft reflected in Ruskin's less elaborate passages."

Mr. Bond tells us that the man who aspires to be a prophet or leader of thought, will jest at his peril.

"Rather he should be incapable of jesting; he should be wholly possessed by an earnestness and intensity of feeling commensurate with the tremendous issues hanging in the balance. It is precisely to this

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quality that the popular empire of men so different as Gladstone, Tennyson, and Ruskin was due. The masses of struggling and suffering men and women, to whom their names and something of their work were known, loved and revered them chiefly because they believed in their sincerity and compassion, believed them incapable of sitting, like Epicurean gods in the circle of their golden chairs, and looking down upon

The fierce confederate storm
Of sorrow barricaded evermore
Within the walls of cities

as a joke. It would be an injustice to one so humane as Arnold, whose own poetry is as nobly serious as any in our literature, to suppose he looked on trouble with any frivolous regard; yet the flippancy of his tone is undeniable, nor, except in the case of education, can he be said to have dealt with economic problems. So that, whereas Carlyle fails of the due prophetic stature because he has not Walpole's width and catholicity, Arnold fails because he has something too much of Walpole in his disposition, or manner, under conditions which render that disposition or manner inappropriate. But neither in catholicity nor seriousness can Ruskin be said to be wanting."

Mr. Bond goes on to speak of his conspicuous unselfishness and lavish generosity, and briefly touches upon the trend of his social teaching.

"RUSKIN AS ARTIST
AND ART CRITIC,"
BY E. T. COOK.
(*Studio*, March.)

The *Studio* for March contained an important article entitled "Ruskin as Artist and Art Critic" from the pen of Mr. E. T. Cook, M.A., who after dealing with the contradictory views passed upon Mr. Ruskin's work, submits that the real truth with regard to him is "that he was a writer of consummate genius, and also an artist of real though restricted talent."

In the following passage we think Mr. Cook gives a temperate and truthful statement respecting Ruskin's art teaching

"Ruskin's position and influence as an art critic are, it seems to me, subject at this time to two somewhat hostile influences. One is forget-

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fulness, the other is misunderstanding. Ruskin's principal work in art criticism was done about fifty years ago, and it was done so completely that a new generation has forgotten it. The very depth and diffusion of his influence on the artistic world have blinded his later contemporaries to the extent of it. To enforce little known truths, to gain recognition for neglected masters, to breathe life into dead bones, Ruskin wrote with the exaggeration of emphasis. Now that his work has had its effect, the necessity for the emphasis has passed away, and people fasten only on the fallacies in the exaggeration. Ruskin effected a revolution in British art by preaching the gospel of naturalism as against conventionalism, of sincerity and strenuousness as against triviality, of the Gothic revival as against classicism. The positive and appreciative portion of what he said has now passed into commonplace; and critics remember only the exaggerations which led Ruskin to under-rate the best Renaissance work, to preach sincerity of purpose as if it were an artistic substitute for skill of hand, to insist upon fidelity to Nature as if this excluded the function of the imagination. As a matter of fact, Ruskin's books, read in connection with each other, do not sanction any of these fallacies."

Mr. Cook's article is accompanied by some most admirable reproductions of drawings by the Master.

"JOHN RUSKIN," BY
W. C. BROWNELL.
(*Scribner's Magazine*, April).

Scribner's Magazine for April contains a pedantic article on Ruskin by Mr. W. C. Brownell, who believes that an epoch of indifference to his works has set in and that most of them "will undoubtedly pass into the literary limbo of the future because of their lack of substance." The writer further tells us that Mr. Ruskin was certainly not representative "of the best spirit, of the courage and the faith of his time," that he lacked simplicity and sincerity and that his two great defects are "the lack of substance in his matter and the lack of form in his style."

We do not know what Mr. Brownell's qualifications are for writing upon Ruskin, but the only one he displays is an ability to get as far away from the truth as possible. Even when dealing with the biographical details of Ruskin's life he makes absurd

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errors including the grotesque statement that after the marriage of his former wife with a certain painter, Mr. Ruskin forthwith commenced to eulogize that painter's work with his customary eloquence.

"ART CRITICISM," ETC. We turn to another article in the same
BY RUSSELL STURGIS, Magazine from the pen of Mr. Russell Sturgis,
(*Scribner's*, April.) who writes on the question of "Art Criticism
and Ruskin's writing on Art." Mr. Sturgis tell us that Mr.
Ruskin was not an art critic at all, "either by nature or gained
capacity," that his study of nature and of art was of such a
character that after ten years of it he knew less of these subjects
than he did at the beginning, and finally Mr. Sturgis finds it hard
to restrain his animosity at seeing what he is good enough to
describe as Mr. Ruskin's splendid powers misused to lead astray
the whole community. We find it harder to restrain our surprise
that the conductors of *Scribner's Magazine* should have no better
estimates of Ruskin to offer than the two articles above referred
to.

THE MORALISATION OF MONEY-LENDING.

By Henry C. Devine.

THE Church of the Middle Ages absolutely forbade the taking of interest for money lent. The word usury still literally applies to any transaction of this character, though by common consent it is now reserved to stigmatise the charging of exorbitant interest.

The extension of commerce has changed the condition and aspect of things, and to fix a fair and reasonable fee for money loans, is recognised to be as equitable as to require rent for a house, or hire for a bicycle.

To acknowledge the advantage to commercial and professional men, of the facilities of legitimate credit conferred by private and joint stock banks, is of course no condonation or otherwise of the evils of present day unrestricted competition.

All we desire to emphasise is the tremendous expansion of trade, and increased distribution of material wealth, which this system of trust has created and fostered. Yet while everyone who has credit is glad of it, and feels no dishonour in receiving and profiting by its accomodation, the word money-lender stinks in the estimation of honest and honourable men, as much as ever. The reason is that it continues to denote, as of yore, a class of persons with whom money-getting by loan-mongering seems the only object in life—who charge as much for their coin commodity as they possibly can, with no regard to its fairness or unfairness—and whose victims are generally the distracted poor, or the foolishly spendthrift.

With the latter class it is not our purpose to deal in this article.

Recent revelations of the extortionate sums in which they, or more generally their reputable relatives, are mulcted, by usurers

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trading upon their folly and wickedness, have caused legislation to be brought forward to protect them against themselves. Its success or evasion can only be shown by time.

Our object rather is to consider the position of a better and worthier class—members of the industrial community, be they workmen and small traders in towns, or labourers, village shopkeepers, small holders and such like in the country, who often legitimately require small monetary advances for (a) domestic, and (b) productive profit earning purposes. At present they have few or no facilities for obtaining it except by resorting to money-lending sharks, whose exorbitant charges and stringent methods generally swallow up their little possessions, and in some cases drive them into the madhouse or a premature grave.

Apart from common knowledge, these facts were proved up to the hilt before the recent House of Commons Money-lending Committee.

Quite lately also the *Daily Chronicle* described a touting usurer's circular, which had been addressed to every householder in a tiny out-of-the-way village of fishermen and farm labourers.

The *Illustrated Mail* again, under the title of "1300 per cent." recently drew attention to a class of male and female "lenders" who infest working class districts and charge as much as three pence in the shilling per week, to their impecunious clients.

Workers in mills, engineering shops, railway yards, etc., could confirm the wholesale existence of such sordid creatures, who wring from their dupes enormous regular returns, from a small initial outlay.

Many of the borrowers it is true are improvident persons, who, whatever their wages, always need, and have got into the bad habit of borrowing, a few shillings in the course of the week, and paying through the nose for it on wage day.

No scheme for facilitating such lack of self-control could be commended. But there are large numbers of poor people who are not improvident. Either unforeseen misfortune compels them to

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borrow, or if they had a little spare cash they could invest it in some enterprize which would yield a profit.

One man could patent an invention, another could take a shop or a coal yard, another undertake a job, paying cash for materials and labour during its progress, and ultimately recouping himself, and over.

In the country small holdings bills are not half as serviceable as they might be, on account of the inability of the would-be cultivators of land, to finance themselves till their crops are raised, or buy seeds and manure for allotments, to erect greenhouses, or purchase stock for grass farms. It is with these people, and others like them, that a huge field for the moralisation of money-lending presents itself. Surely a solution of this pressing problem in the interests of the workers, is a worthy and appropriate task for the admirers of the noble social moralist who has recently been taken from us, to put their hands to. Tackled in the spirit which inspired his life it is far from unconquerable. The remedy lies in the *education, organisation and supervision* of people in associating together to help themselves. How much easier it would be for some of us to raise a fund and deal out doles, or if the drain on wasting war had not precluded it, advocate a huge system of State aid to the needy! Instead of which we are called upon for the much more valuable self-denying process of patiently teaching and helping people to help themselves.

The skeleton of the scheme known as The Co-operative Banks Movement, is the formation throughout the length and breadth of the land of small popular Banking Societies. Into these mutual Associations the people's savings must be diverted—safeguarded by committees of their own selection and order, and supervised by councils of control containing a large sprinkling of sympathetic business, professional, or independent persons. Thus would be constituted a series of funds, small individually but enormous in the aggregate, from which advances could be made at a low rate of interest, to all whose honesty and ability commended itself to their

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fellows. For greater security the borrower's promise to repay, should be backed by one or two sureties.

Most of the loans would be of small amount, but the limit would simply be the reliability of the personal sureties. The universal adoption of this plan would place within the reach of every small man, the same facilities of economical and productive credit, which middle and higher class people obtain through the medium of Joint Stock Banks. So much for the skeleton. To make it effective it would need to be vivified by sympathetic leadership and brotherly co-operation. A recent critic remarked that the keynote of Ruskin's preaching was "that before a man can make something he must be something."

This beautiful tower of democratic credit demands for its foundation stone, strict, sterling, honesty. Much of this exists to-day allied with poverty, dire and otherwise, but with many people it is lacking. Self-control is a primary constituent of the honesty needed. Egotism, *i.e.*, interest in ourselves to the exclusion of all else, is fatal to this or any other form of beneficent co-operation. Nothing keeps back social reforms more than that beast-of-prey instinct which many millionaires and paupers possess in common. Few have by speech and conduct denounced it with greater vehemence than Ruskin, and urged his fellows, both rich and poor, to higher and more beautiful ideals of life. To us he has bequeathed the legacy of enlightening men's minds, aye and their social and economic conditions also, by working together for a common object, instead of merely being absorbed in the vulgar struggle to "get on" ourselves. In one sense we must take men as they are, but it must be with the object of raising them to something higher. The establishment of People's Co-operative Banks on the lines here briefly epitomised would effect a moral as well as an economic reform of far-reaching consequence, by training the workers in much needed habits of business discipline, truthfulness, honour, and practical brotherhood.

An Association has been formed, with headquarters at West-

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minster, to promote the movement in the Midlands and other parts of the United Kingdom. Those who believe in improving the personal and social morals of the people, no less than their industrial conditions, and who not only condemn money-lenders with their lips, but who are also willing to help their poorer neighbours to escape from their clutches, are invited to aid its efforts by becoming Associates, and helping to found banks in their own districts.

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Unpublished letters addressed by Mr. Ruskin to the
Rose Queens of the Girls' High School, Cork.

(Some account of Mr. Ruskin's connection with the School will
be found on another page.)

Brantwood, Coniston, Lancashire,
6th May, 1885.

My dear Rose Queen.

I rejoiced in your writing to me, and in all I was told of
your pleasure, and of the general pleasure, in your May-day of con-
secration—I use that word rather than coronation. It would be well
if all Kings and Queens were taught that coronation is a mockery
without that nobler adjunct. I have never yet written quite all
that I hope this May Queendom may indeed come to, leaving it
at Whitelands to Mr. Faunthorpe and to the grave English girls.
But don't you think it would be a lovely thing if Irish girls—(I
am begining to write wildly because I get rather off my head
when I think of them)—were to give the first example to Europe
of a perfectly sacred and happy Monarchy?

You write to me that you have been fortunate and happy in
being chosen. Yes—you are so—in having to such degree,
gained the affections of your companions. You would not have
been vain enough to think, unless I had put it in your head that
they should be fortunate in having you for their Queen? But if
through all the year you make it your chief purpose to think of
the little things that might please them—and to be yourself,
without affectation and in sincerity and simplicity—a Queen
fulfilling the political maxim in all truth, “The Queen can do no
wrong,” may not your coronation be the beginning of perhaps
the very best and happiest part of their education and yours.

I am going to ask Miss Martin, who I do not doubt feels with
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me in these things—as I know our principal does, to invest you with as much of her own authority as she thinks you can wisely use—and I hope your companions will be happy in the concession to you of a right of a final decision in things among themselves debatable. And, if perhaps you would let me—I was going to say—be grand vizier—but St. George would not like the Turkish title—and as he detests all Parliamentary Governments—would still less allow one to be Prime Minister, will you consult St. Patrick on the matter and appoint me, as he may judge best, to some position about Court, where I might be permitted to share in your Majesty's counsels. I believe that with St. Patrick's and St. George's blessing many little queenly acts of grace might be devised, which will be remembered in history—and happy more and more in their carrying on by some future reigning sovereigns.

And wherever you place me or how far you may or may not honour me with participation in your benevolent and prudent measures undertaken for the common good,

Believe me, my dear Queen,

Ever your Majesty's loyal and loving Servant,
John Ruskin.

Brantwood, Coniston, Lancashire,
May 7th, 1886.

My dear Queen,

It was very sweet and good of you to write to me, but I can't write you a play letter of coronation formality to-day, for I have only time to ask if I may have the two photographs instead of the one of yourself, and a maid of honour or so besides, and I want you to write me another letter—"confidential" telling me how you mean to carry on the government.

You don't intend to let yourself be put on the shelf out of the way, like poor Queen Victoria, I hope?

Ever your loyal subject,
John Ruskin.

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Brantwood, Coniston, Lancashire,
23rd May, 1886.

My dear Queen,

I must write a quite rude, but not disloyal letter in all haste, to beg your majesty to say the kindest and prettiest things that even your majesty can think of, for me, to the girlies who gathered the Guilietta for me, which was indeed the first I had seen this year, and which came in the loveliest and contentedest manner—and next to thank those two maidens of yours, for me, and next to thank Miss Rose herself, for the lovely lettering and painting. Who did the lettering?—it is the best I have ever seen on a card of the kind, and the rose painting is extremely good and clever, but I'm going to send Miss Rose a little talk about it to herself—and so, dear Queen, I remain, your devoted and loyal subject,

John Ruskin.

I think I never wrote so shapeless and over and over a letter, but there's only short post to-day and I've put off answering too long.

Brantwood, Coniston, Lancashire,
27th May, 1886.

My kind Queen,

It is ever so nice of you to send me these pretty photographs and to let me see Miss Archdall's letter.

That is just what I want the girlies to do, to enjoy playing—partly with seriousness—at having a Queen to love and obey. Do you know the story of the olive merchant in *The Arabian Nights*?

I have written my name in your nice birthday book (which I hope will return by this post) though the verses are not very true for me,—I always wanted to choose!

I think you should order your subjects to address your letters, as I have this one, it does not clash with the great real Queen's

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title, and it is much pleasanter for you, as well as easier to be
"dear" than "gracious."

Ever your loyal subject,
John Ruskin.

Brantwood, Coniston, Lancashire,
18th June, 1886.

Dear Maudie,

The milkworts are all safe here from London looking lovely still—and they gave great delight in London besides. But what lovely names you all have. I shall have to find flowers to call Kathleens, and Ninas and Myras. Its very tiresome there are not more pretty flowers instead of nettles and dandelions Perhaps if we were all to try to be as good as good could be, the fairies would make some new flowers for us. When you all have "Home Rule" in Ireland you'll all try to be good, won't you—and have no weeds in Ireland—please St. Patrick.

Ever your loving
John Ruskin.

It was pretty of Hugo to send me some too. I hope he'll be a St. Hugo some day.

Sunday, 12th May, 1889.

My dear Maude Amy,

A Queen of the past is not an ex-Queen. The past when it is lovely and right is our own, and other's own, more than the present; but as much is to be hoped from the coming dynasties, now that their meaning is better known. I want you who have so gracefully enthroned them, to take your due part in their power, which, if I live yet a little while longer, may, I trust, help me in making school education happier and simpler than it is now, by fixing the attention on fewer and more real things, but beautiful things and precious as their own youth, in partly being the image of it.

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I can't send you rose buds that will not (if you choose to call them so) too soon be ex-rose buds. But I can send you crystals and drawings, and King or Queen birds feathers, and the like, which I should like each Queen in succession to present to the school at a festa corresponding to the Harvest Home, which we must leave it to our Empress, Miss Martin, to determine time and manner of—but to-day, having them under my hand, I set aside for you to present at once, in memory of the past Queens, a little nugget of pure gold, with pure quartz, an equally pure piece of crystalline silver, and an untouched rock crystal, presenting the most beautiful iridescent colours in their own rainbow (sun-bow, I suppose we shall have to call it, in memory of the past sun, when all the world is hidden in smoke by modern science) that ever I saw, and it is better now that your bright children's eyes should have them to see, than that they should fade before my aged ones.

Our Sunday post is early, and I can't write a letter as it seems or get anything registered till to-morrow, but I have been weighing them in my hand and rather exulting over them, and they will make you all rather happy and proud, I think, in the brightest way, in the way that God meant the gold and the crystal to guide innocent human thoughts into.

I can't write more to-day, but please give my devoirs to the Queen Regnant, with whom I hope to arrange the next pieces of the series, and with much love and thanks to yourself.

Believe me still your faithful servant,

J. Ruskin.

Mid-May, 1889.

Dear Maude Amy,

I must just add a word or two about your crystal to what I have said in Lizzie's letter. Yours at first looks dark but seen with the little glass I have put up for you with it, you will find it is a fairy mountain, with fairy-land and fairy-lights within—there

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is neither beginning nor end to the wonder of it. Take care that nobody is allowed to look at it till they have learned to hold things without dropping them (a beautiful young lady's skill and faculty!)

Your glass is prettier than the Queen's, but the Queen's is the best and exactly right for all practical purposes. In using the word "crystalline" of the native silver, I anticipate what you will have to learn, that metals really cubic in the system of their crystalline form can build, or weave, or work anything they choose to, out of infinitely minute cubes.

Native silver is most frequently "capillary," like this piece (from capillus, Latin) but seldom so massive in the tress.

Ever affectionately yours,
John Ruskin.

Brantwood,
Monday in Mid-May, 1889.

My Dear Rose Queen,

I must take your majesty's grace for granted—in allowing me to write in seeming haste—what is chiefly in my mind,—not before I forget—but while I have still power enough to say, with I trust some of my old clearness, for I *did* try to be clear and was, if the reader had patience with me.

I like your letter better and better as I re-read—I was not quite pleased at first, because it seemed to me the pretty brooch was more in your mind than the responsibility of your throne, but I see in Maude Amy's letter that you were utterly taken by surprise, and the way you speak of your sister queens (just the right word) and of your pretty subjects is just as it should be. But now—don't be frightened—this that I have to say is—well—'tis not too serious I hope, but it may be that I shall not be able to say it to the next queen—so at present do you lay it to heart.

The chief danger for young girls in this great "to-day" of their own and the world's age, is the temptation to restlessness, whether

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in curiosity, pleasure or pride. I want them all to be earnestly, thoroughly, thoughtfully, intelligent of what is close to them, and under their care, happy not in one day as the happiest of their lives but in the daily current of their time, and proud, in rightly knowing what they have joy in knowing, and rightly doing whatever they are called upon—not by Fame, but by Love, to do for any who love them—for all who are dependent upon them.

That's enough sermon, if not for you, anyhow for me, to-day, because I want you to begin by looking attentively at the four little crystals I send you (by this same post I hope) with Maud Amy's more valuable ones in substance—these are not less valuable in lesson. The little dark one is a typically perfect in form crystal of quartz, the two terminal pyramids meeting without any column between. The three clear ones are typically pure crystals who have done the best they could under the conditions of their life but also have shewn a power almost peculiar to rock crystal, of ascending obliquely as a tree can grow obliquely when it ought to. No diamond, nor ruby, nor beryl, nor emerald can do anything of this sort—they can't be happy unless they have all their own way.

Look at the crystals with your subjects when they have time, using a common magnifying glass. I send you one for yourself, such as every girl should keep in her—waistcoat pocket! always handy. And this is a very solemn last word for to-day, never use a microscope. Learn to use your own two eyes as God made them to see His great works, as He made them, for Queens and Peasants too.

Ever your loving subject,
John Ruskin.

If you can write to me easily, and what you care to say, or ask for, it will be very nice for me.

Unpublished Letters from Mr. Ruskin to Alderman
George Baker, Joint Trustee of St. George's Guild.

Simplon Village,
7th June, 1877.

Dear Mr. Baker,

I am entirely grateful to you for accepting this trusteeship. It is as you supposed, most carefully guarded from carrying with it any implication of the person accepting the office, in the responsibilities of the Society's action; or any implication of concurrence in all its principles. That they should be men of recognised position and probity, and answer to the Society for the security of its property, in correspondence to the master's statements, is all that is at present required. I think you will have pleasure in acting with Mr. Talbot, who, though yet, I am glad to say, a young man, is a person of extreme modesty and sense. I have just seen him at Venice, and obtained there his consent to act, and I hope as soon as I reach England to put the entire works of the Society into a clear form. I should have done so before now, had I been at all aware of the difficulties of the matter and the necessity of setting myself at it with a will.

It is very curious you should mention the Saturday market at Dorno d'Orsola, for, as it chanced, this last Saturday, I saw the most beautiful pastoral picture there I ever yet saw in reality—a peasant girl of nice healthy and simple grace, leading a beautiful goat, not by a cord, but by a leafy sapling twined round its neck. And all the market was (as you doubtless remember it) cheerful, busy and rational. But the population of the Val d'Orsola are far superior to most of the Italians. Here on the Simplon they are as good and dear as can be, but so oppressed by hardship, and total want of any means of expansion of mind.

I began this letter three days ago. I have kept it that I may

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tell you I am really on my way home and am very eager to see your bees.

Ever respectfully and gratefully yours,
J. Ruskin.

Venice, 12th May, 1877.

Dear Mr. Baker,

I am very deeply grateful to you for your kindness, the more, and doubly more, that it is also kindness to my most worthy and benevolent friend, Mr. Willett, who will rejoice in your permitting his suggestions to be carried out, and it is a great piece of soothing and helpful news to me that at last your good purpose has been fulfilled in terms of law. I return to England, D.V., in the middle of June: and shall assuredly wait on you at Birmingham towards the end of the month, and trust to find some comfort in your sympathy; for indeed my horror at the condition of things in England, (as shewn by the resolute lying of both political parties, and indeed of every public man in Europe on this Eastern question) is so great that though I pursue my work, from which I am simply determined that nothing but death shall stop me, I do it now in mere decision of purpose, and without the slightest hope of doing any present good to the country.

Ever gratefully yours,
J. Ruskin.

Brantwood, Coniston, Lancashire,
March 17, 1879.

Dear Mr. Baker,

What a lovely hand you write. My scrawl gets viler every day, but the always having fifty things more to do than I can, spoils it. I'm at work on the new edition of the *Stones of Venice*, and one's thirty years of added knowledge—a mere cumbrous inexpressible heap—hanging over one's head like a pile of useless

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bricks, make it weary work, but some good's coming of it. Meantime all you have to say to the Guild people is that it's not me that's bothering them, but English law and lawyers, and whatever we do of real work, will not depend on anything that these can hinder, but on our several understanding, each in his own place, what he can best labour at under his own hand and for his own neighbour. And that they need no more look to the mortal master for help, than the leaves of a great tree look to the first pith of it (though I dare say the old pith is good for more than I am).

Ever gratefully yours,
J.R.

Brantwood, Coniston, Lancashire,
November, 1879.

Dear Mr. Baker,

I am very heartily glad of your kind letter and the news that things are progressing. I could not answer instantly, being at this moment, more over-worked than I have ventured to permit myself to be since my illness; but I find myself gradually getting stronger and hope not to fail to St. George or you. You must not call me "Master," it is a formal and official term only. I might as well write to you, my dear Trustee.


Poor Mr. ———'s letter makes me sad. We have too many of our people of this sort, who only want to talk and be talked to. The Fors correspondence was far the most labourious part of the number, and not of the slightest use really. Nor is there the least need for more than I've said—when once the British public begin to see that it is true. What we want now is the help of men of common sense, standing, and perseverance, who will think of what is to be done, not said.

Ever affectionately yours,
J. Ruskin.

George Baker, Esq.

REVIEWS.

John Ruskin. By Mrs. Meynell. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons, 1900.

 HIS book, which forms one of the "Modern English Writers" series, is in no sense an account of the life of John Ruskin, nor does Mrs. Meynell put it forth as such, but rather as a handbook to his teaching. The briefest possible sketch of his life is given in the introduction, and Mrs. Meynell then passes on to consider the teaching of his various books, commencing with *Modern Painters* and ending with *Præterita*. She illustrates her exposition with many passages from Ruskin, and she has given us an able and scholarly book, which will be of distinct use to all students of Ruskin.

These are, however, two passages in the work which should not go unchallenged. Mrs. Meynell speaks of Ruskin's life as being centred and limited,

"The London suburb and the English lake-side for his homes, Oxford for his place of study and then of teaching, usually one beaten road by France, Switzerland and Italy for his annual journeys—these closed the scene of his dwellings and travellings."

and in the same chapter she speaks of "this quiet life of repetitions." We think that quite unintentionally Mrs. Meynell creates a wrong impression. For our own part we should never describe Ruskin's life as being unduly centred or limited. We are struck by the variety of incident which he enjoyed from his earliest days, when, as a little boy, he was regularly taken through a large portion of England and Scotland; and Mrs. Meynell also forgets the great inspiration he derived from early knowledge of the great writers. In fact the passage quoted entirely fails to give an adequate conception of the many formative influences which played upon Ruskin.

The other criticism we have to offer relates to Mrs. Meynell's

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remarks respecting the praise bestowed by Ruskin on the women of Scott. She considers this praise unmerited and states that Scott made his women virtuous because it was conventional to do so, and faultless because he could not be at the pains of working upon their characters. If she had made these remarks of Scott's heroes there would have been more (though still insufficient) justification for them, but to speak thus of Scott's women appears to us almost grotesque. They were neither conventional nor faultless. Has Mrs. Meynell forgotten Diana Vernon, Catherine Seyton, Flora MacIvor, Ellen Douglas, and a host of others? After Shakespeare there is no one whose studies of women merit closer attention than Sir Walter Scott.

Prophets of the Nineteenth Century, Carlyle, Ruskin, Tolstoi. By May Alder Ward. London: Gay & Bird, 1900.

IN this small and very prettily produced little book the authoress gives a brief sketch of the main events in the lives of the three great men dealt with, together with an account of their teaching and social work. Miss Ward appears to us to have produced a very valuable little book, which we have read with great pleasure. She displays a close acquaintance with her subject, and has successfully accomplished the by no means easy task of giving in very brief space an intelligent idea of the work of these men whom she justly terms "prophets."

Miss Ward makes one error in her account of Ruskin when she speaks of there being "Ruskin clubs in almost every city and town of England, and these are largely composed of working men."

We hope the day will come when this statement will be correct, but it is not yet.

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John Ruskin, a Biographical Sketch By R. E. Pengelly. London:
A. Melrose.

THIS is a poor little thing, and one of those books which are quite unnecessary. It is for the most part taken from Mr. Collingwood's biography of Ruskin, and as his work is now published in a cheap edition we doubt not it will be generally preferred. The little sketch under notice is badly written. Its author strains after rhetorical effect, with very sad results. Thus one chapter is entitled, "A Noble Mind O'erthrown," and speaks of it as having borne the brunt of so much "wordy war." But there is worse than this, only we spare our readers.

NOTES.

RUSKIN AND
REFORM.

We have pleasure in reprinting the following interesting letter which Mr. J. C. Kenworthy addressed to the editor of *The Daily News*, on August 14th last :

Sir,—By what ill-fortune I know not, your own more perceptive and discriminative presentations and considerations of the life and work of John Ruskin, which appeared in *The Daily News* at the time of his death, failed to reach me among the quite inappreciative and pointless memoirs and so forth of that moment. Permit me, though thus late, to return to your article of the 22nd of January last, in the endeavour to continue some at least of your readers in that seriousness of attention to the thought and example of a greatest amongst men which you have sought to kindle.

I would not now insist so much upon that side of Mr. Ruskin's work upon which you yourself so largely dwelt, that, namely, of his absorption and conquest in Art. Out of those delightful studies and labours in pictures and stones, colours and carvings, loveliest works of the hands of men and power of God, there at last soared to Heaven that pinnacle of discovery, his understanding of economic truth ; and I would turn to this.

I say "soared to Heaven" because *Unto this Last* which you so rightly distinguished as containing the earnest, practical, and heart-whole summation of all for which John Ruskin lived, and spent, and suffered, is, first and last, a disclosure of religion. That book conquered me to himself. For these twenty years I have seen social, political, and economic affairs in no other light save that, by this very leading, the Christian Gospel has been shown to me as the perfect source of spiritual truth and of practical direction ; the source upon which Ruskin himself drew.

At my first visit to Count Tolstoy in Moscow, four and a half years ago, nothing in our many and renewed conversations was of deeper significance to me than the expression of the great Russian's

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opinion upon the great Englishman. "Why," the Count had asked, "will the English so listen to Gladstone when they have Ruskin?" His admiration of and agreement with Ruskin were, indeed, so complete that one difference only remained to state; we together wondered how Ruskin had still remained in doubt upon the subject of war and the use of coercive force in society. Again, at my last and recent visit to Tolstoy, we talked of Ruskin; and I felt that though Ruskin himself might not have seen in clear light the Christian doctrine of "non-resistance" (so-called), he was nevertheless wholly one force with the mighty spirit embodied in the man then at my side, whose re-statement of primitive Christian truth is leavening, not Russia only, but civilization, and, through civilization, the world.

The reminiscence suggests another.

Twelve years ago, during one of his visits to me at Liverpool, William Morris gave me a somewhat startling insight as to one force at least that had directed the current of his life. Shortly, and with something more than enthusiasm, I had spoken of my debt to Ruskin for teaching in art and in economics. "And so we are all indebted to him," said Morris. The rest of our conversation is indistinct in my memory; but the significance of that sentence as it now stands filled out with a full knowledge of Morris's life, of his relation with Rossetti, Ruskin's child in Art, and with the great figures of these great men now ascending in history to their true place and right perspective is of the profoundest.

Such reminiscence is tempting. May I so far yield to the charm of it, as to speak of the one, one only, occasion on which I met John Ruskin in person? Correspondence I had held with him; and on a summer day, fifteen years ago, with friends, I spent a morning at Brantwood by invitation. Ruskin at his best, all one could have wished to find him, sat at his work-table in the room furnished as a sitting-room or parlour. We talked of many things, our most engrossing subject being "the moralisation of capital and capitalists," as our phrase of the moment had it. He said many

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things, and read from manuscript a newly-written passage for *Fors Clavigera*, somewhat discountenancing Henry George's scheme for land nationalisation. In this general connection, out of love for Ruskin himself and his sacrifices to social progress, I quoted, correctly as I thought, the lines :

"Of all the qualities that make men great
More go to ruin fortunes than create."

"Whose lines are those?" said Ruskin, turning round sharply, with a quick glance of sudden fire in his eyes. "They are Pope's, are they not?" I answered, in some confusion, for I remembered them as a quotation in *Unto this Last*. "Yes, they are Pope's, in a sense," said Ruskin, putting his hand on my knee, "but they are also your own, and they are very good lines. Pope's lines are these :

'Of all the qualities that win our praise
More go to ruin fortunes than to raise.'

You have travestied Pope, and your lines are stronger than his."

In some disturbance, I answered, "It is a fault of mine to remember things in my own way, and not in the author's." "No," he answered, "this is not a fault, it is a faculty, and one to be cultivated."

The incident may seem a slight one, but as I look upon the literary work of the fifteen years since, I see a marked example of how the brief word of a great mind may rule and bear fruit in the whole life of another.

But I am, perhaps, a little betrayed from the main purpose of this letter, to attain which I would quote your own words from the article of January 22nd :

"As practical suggestions, the things for which Mr. Ruskin most strenuously pleaded were the organization of labour, a system of national education, the establishment of Government workshops, the provision of old age pensions, and the provision of decent homes for the working classes. We have travelled so

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far since 1860 that it requires some effort of the imagination to to understand the outcry caused by the papers ('Unto this Last' in *Cornhill*), to which we have referred."

Does not this, Sir, amount to a declaration that the proposals of John Ruskin in 1866, then accounted insane because of the alliance he made for them with doctrines of human brotherhood and duty, which are the doctrines of the Gospel itself, are to-day practicable as a political programme? Have they not, indeed, been so announced by a spreading Socialism? The Liberal party is dead, for the ideas by which it lived, derived from the Radicalism and Chartism of the early and middle century, have left it. Whence shall come the ideas and inspiration for the renewed movement of progress, which must rise, or we perish? I reply definitely with such knowledge and insight as twenty years close study and stern practical experience in the warfare of reform may have given me—these ideas, this inspiration, can come only from the tradition illuminated with the names and records of Robert Owen, Thomas Carlyle, Charles Kingsley, John Ruskin, and William Morris, the great departed of our last hundred years.

I may not, however, say more at the moment. I am at present in the midst of important correspondence upon this very subject with Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace and others. Your own words upon John Ruskin in *The Daily News*, thus arresting my attention, led me to hope that your columns may be open to a causerie upon reform proposals and possibilities which may bring order out of chaos in the ranks of reformers.—I am, Sir, yours very truly,

John C. Kenworthy.

The Grey House, Purleigh.

NOTES.

MR. RUSKIN, AND THE
CORK HIGH SCHOOL.

In another part of this number we are enabled through the courtesy of Miss Martin, of the Girls' High School, Cork, to print some of the numerous letters which were addressed by Mr. Ruskin to the Cork Rose Queens. The Annual May Fete at Cork was something similar to the one which had been previously instituted by Mr. Ruskin at Whitelands College, Chelsea, but the Queen was always known as the Rose Queen, not May Queen, as at the latter place. The ceremony was founded, very unexpectedly, by Mr. Ruskin in 1885, in reply to a playful remark made by Miss Martin that Irish girls were as deserving of his affection as English ones. The remark drew from him the following letter :

Brantwood, Coniston, Lancashire,
25th January, 1885.

My dear Miss Martin,

I am entirely happy in your letter, and account of the School—at least, I should be so, if the satisfaction were not abated by regret (I do not say remorse for I have really not been able to do half what I meant, this Autumn) that I have in no wise yet helped or furnished you in work for which I have so dear sympathy.

The best and simplest reply to your question—or rather, signature to your own already given and right answer, will be the institution of a May Queen day there, as well as at Whitelands, of which the symbol may be, not a Maltese, but true Irish cross, or Irish and Ionese, for the great religious power of the Celt is alike in St. Patrick and St. Columba. Certainly the most beautiful hawthorns I have ever seen in my life were at Dublin, but I doubt not in milder Cork and southern climate the true Rose of May blooms as fairly, and so we will have that for the ornament of our Irish Cross.

For the Queen's gift at a girls' school, the books should be real girls' books—we will have all Miss Edgeworth's for young people and I'll think of others.

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I'll soon send you some drawings, &c., in sad haste to-day, I am
ever most truly and affectionately yours,

J. Ruskin.

The first Queen was elected in May, 1885, and the fete has been continued annually since. Each of the young Queens possesses, as a special gift from the master, the beautiful little gold cross above referred to, and one of his books, and each also received from him a number of superbly bound volumes for gifts to their maidens. Mr. Ruskin never did things by halves and his generous gifts and plans in connection with the school were unlimited. He would send from time to time, tresses of native silver, nuggets of gold, precious stones, crystals of various kinds, agates and rock specimens of great beauty, uncut diamonds, drawings by Kate Greenaway, and many other things.

The following is the text of the address which was presented to Mr. Ruskin on his eightieth birthday by the Cork Rose Queens :

"The Ruskin Rose Queens of the Cork High School on behalf of their maidens and subjects send their most affectionate greetings and congratulations to their dear Friend on his eightieth birthday.

"They recognise the bright and joyous Floral Festival as the outcome of his love of beauty and his desire to increase the happiness of human beings and especially of those in the threshold of life's duties and responsibilities. They rejoice, too, that he has ever sought by precept and practice to encircle the Girlhood of their kingdom with a fringe of flowers."

